

All-Powerful Engineers Hold All-College Dance

Henry C. Wolfe Is Guest Speaker

Henry C. Wolfe, noted lecturer and authority on current European history, was presented in a special combined assembly of the Junior College and High School Tuesday, November 19 from 8:30 until 9:00 o'clock.

All college students were asked to remain after assembly to attend a very important meeting.

As requested by the College, the entire balcony was reserved for the college students at all combined assemblies.

First Production Of Las Mascaras Friday, Dec. 13

Las Mascaras is to give its first production of the year on Friday, the thirteenth of December. In keeping with the spooky character of the date, this play is a mystery thriller entitled "Tiger House."

Many mysterious noises, queer people, eerie characters, doors opening, rain and thunder, tiger claws clutched make this one of the most delightful bedtime tales of the year.

Tryouts for cast and crew were held Thursday night in the speech room of the auditorium and Friday night after the Las Mascaras banquet. The cast has not been announced yet. We're all holding our breath.

The next regular meeting of Las Mascaras will be held on Monday, November 25. Martha Jo Hawes is program chairman.

Aviation Club Elects Officers At Last Meeting

The Aviation Class of the T. J.C. Aeronautical Engineers have organized themselves into an Aviation Club. For their president, they elected Edwin Arvin; for vice-president, Oscar Kellar; and for secretary, Ruth Dailey.

Present plans are to join the National College Aviation Club which is a member of the National Aviation Association. This will be a new and different club in Tyler Junior College and promises to be very popular.

Executive Board Of Girls' Forum Is Now Elected

The fourteen members of the executive board of the Girls' Forum have been elected. Seven sophomore members are: Verna Lee McCutchin, Marcia Money-smith, Martha Joe Hawes, Mary Jo Bass, Rosalie Breedlove, Dixie Gay Hall, and Norma Epperson. The seven freshmen girls are: Frances Gene Thompson, Marianna Wilson, Doris Greer, Lois Virginia Wood, Marvannette Gordon, Virginia Pinkerton, and Louise McLane.

LAS MASCARAS DINNER HELD AT WILLOWBROOK

Last Friday, November 15, Mr. D. K. Caldwell entertained Las Mascaras club members with a dinner at the Willowbrook Country Club. The decorative theme was black and gold, the Apache colors. Ribbons of black ran down the center of the tables on which were gold chrysanthemums in black vases and bowls.

Toastmaster for the affair was King Huffman, president of Las Mascaras. The general chairman was Bill Lawrence, and the program chairman was Janet Anderson.

The program was a varied one. Under the direction of Mr. Dale Patton, the Junior College Chorus sang Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer," and a novelty number entitled "Puttin' on a Drammer in the Old Town Hall."

This was followed by an original opera in three scenes, the score of which was written, we understand, by Mr. Gibson Gray.

The members of the supporting cast were E. P. Richards, Doyle Stegall, Arthur Williams, Jean Price, Ina Claire Neill, and Donna Louise Spivey.

The soprano of our heart and the school's pride and joy, Louise McLane, sang "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," a lovely number from Jerome Kern's "Roberta."

At this point the entertainment was interrupted by a bevy of ladies from some out of the way place who were attempting to choose a play. These were Betty Jane Baker, a chattering female, and Lou Davidson and Lorenia Mayer, stooges.

Leiland Ferrier, Sunshine Tooke, and Billy Bailey put on a real drammer, "Paying the Rent," with the aid of several obliging napkins.

The feature of the banquet program was a quiz by Dr. Thank Q., who is in reality, Philip Wolf. His four assistants were Winifred

Main, Bill Lawrence, Dorothy Jane Lindsay, and Leslie Waterland.

His unnamed (and unwelcome) assistant, Donovan Campbell, was most helpful. Lorenia Mayer very bravely sang one of the Las Mascaras songs while Ruby King sang the other. Each was rewarded with a nice prize (cash). The entire group closed the program with the singing of "God Bless America," just to be different.

After dinner, Miss Bates and Miss Rush of the City Recreation Department, led the members in a number of folk dances. The party closed with social dancing.

Special guests for the evening included Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, Dean and Mrs. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Patton, Miss Gladys Bates and Miss Rush, Miss Ruth Rucker, Miss Mildred Howell, and Mr. D. K. Caldwell.

Tonight At 8:00 In The Gymnasium

The Engineer's Club of Tyler Junior College are the school's outstanding organized body and fraternity of free-thinkers. Tonight at eight o'clock they are giving the first all-college dance of the year. Edmond Eagle's orchestra will play and there will be a floor show featuring Giliam's Dancing School. This will be held in the gym. Tariff is 35c for stags and 25c with a date.

Miss Ruth Rucker Directs Civic Play At Little Theater

Tyler Junior College is taking quite a prominent role in the Tyler Little Theater play which is being presented Monday and Tuesday, November 18 and 19. The play is "End of Summer" by Behrman. Miss Ruth Rucker, junior college director, is the director of the production. Two members of the faculty are also in the cast. Miss Mildred Howell is the grandmother, a discerning, lovable old lady. Mr. Dale Patton of the Music Department tries his hand at acting and makes a huge success of it. His part is distinguished by a very natural, entertaining character. R. L. Mayne is taking the part of Robert, the butler; and Iris Gene Futoransky is the nurse.

Backstage noises, properties, cues, etc., are being managed by five T.J.C. girls: Lorena Mayer, Lou Davidson, Betty Jane Baker, LaVerne Wilhite, and Dorothy Johnston.

Homemakers Club Is Organized In Junior College

There has been a Home Economics Club organized in T.J.C. The charter members of this club are the students in the Home Economics class. There are to be six meetings each school year. These meetings are to be both social and business combined. The girls who took Home Economics last year in T.J.C. are invited to join.

The girls plan to affiliate with the American Home Economics Association as soon as possible. It is the hope of the members that the club will progress rapidly. The next meeting is to be a steak fry at Marie Reviere's lake home. Plans are being formed to do some kind of charity work or work for the Red Cross. The officers of the club are: President, Dixie Hall; vice-president, Sunshine Tooke; secretary, Dorothy Jane Lindsay; reporter, Lorenia Mayer.

like to thtate that if at any time in the yearth to come we would thee thith dirty thnake in the grathth about the premitheth, it will be our complete and thorough thathithfaction to thhoot him full of holeth.

Apaches And Turkey Day

Ring . . . 3:40! All the Apaches grab their books, don their coats and rush out. It'll be some few days before they see old T.J.C. again.

Some of our tribe will leave town to join parents, grandparents and such, but there'll be a lot doing here in and around the reservation.

Everyone will be thinking of all the good stuff to eat that one just naturally thinks of when Thanksgiving rolls around. But there's a catch in some of the plans. Which Thanksgiving are they going to celebrate. Now most of the colleges will celebrate the President's Turkey Day, but what about these old settlers and parents who are particular about custom, etc.? Well, there's the problem.

Mary's little Joey will be home for Thanksgiving the twenty-first. It's always been his habit to eat the big dinner with Mary, this is ever since he became he one and only. He rushes in, gives Mary a little welcome kiss, but his heart is in the dream that's been wandering around in his mind for the last two weeks. All that big table overloaded with delicious food. But to his amazement, he finds Mary in tears, and her parents sitting in the living room, father with his newspaper and mother with her knitting—patiently waiting for the 28th. Don't you think that was enough to put Mary in tears and send Joey off with a very gloomy heart?

How will others of the tribe spend their day? Let's take a typical example. Suppose we call him Jack. He gets up early Thursday morning in order to work up a good appetite. His sense of smell still remembers those fragrant odors that drifted through the house all day yesterday. After brushing his teeth, and giving his hair a lick-and-a-promise (to do better next time) he walks slowly to the kitchen. There's a difficult problem he must answer and it's taking much thought. Should he or should he not indulge in the usual hearty breakfast? Well, maybe just an egg, couple of pieces of toast, two or three slices of bacon, a little of Mama's home-made

jelly won't make too much difference in his appetite at the big meal in store for him.

When finished with his "snack" of a breakfast, he rubs his stomach, and goes outside. A few of the neighbor boys are out enjoying a little football. Perhaps he'd better join them, that would really make him hungry. But, no. Mother has other plans. If he wants his favorite carmel pie

Aviation Class Holds Graduation In Music Room

On Wednesday evening, October 30, the Junior College Aviation Class held its graduation exercises in the T.J.C. Music Room. Twenty-nine summer students received their certificates of graduation.

Mr. Jenkins began the graduation exercises with a short talk on the course just completed and the extension course that follows. After completion of this extension course which Mr. Jenkins said might be given in T.J.C. later, one is qualified to enter Randolph Field.

Following this talk, Mr. Patton sang "Stout-hearted Men." Then Judge Lindsey gave the closing address on the progress aviation has made in recent years, and presented the certificates from the Department of Commerce.

Besides these 29, there are ten others who have graduated, making a total of 39 so far.

The school recently held an election to find the Lil Abner and Daisy Mae. The high school chose Carolyn Swan and Kirby Larabee. Junior College chose Marcia Money-smith and Jobie Dean. Jack Mack received the honor because Jobie Dean, the first selected, was not among those present at the theater. There were cash prizes, to say nothing of the publicity.

with pecans, he must pick out the nuts. Oh, well, football is too strenuous anyway.

Ten o'clock. A loud horn. Here comes all the aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws he's ever heard of. Now comes the time for all that kissing and greeting. How he wished people didn't go in for such.

"Hel—lo, Jack, I'm your Aunt Susie. My how you've grown. And you're old enough to go to Junior College." What did they think he was, abnormal?

The twelve o'clock whistle sounds. Ah, here at last.

That turkey, those vegetables, pies, cakes, everything imaginable.

Two o'clock. Time for that big football game. Tyler's gotta do her stuff. My, but his stomach is sorta acting funny. All the kin-folks pile into the car and away they go. It's just cold enough to really enjoy the game. Aunt Susie's little baby is yelling like a siren, wished she'd stick a sock in his mouth.

5:30—Boy, was that a climax. Tyler certainly walked off with that game. But for some unknown reason Jack isn't feeling so well. Maybe that game was a little too exciting.

6:30. Now comes the time for the goodbyes—and again all that kissing to do over.

"Sorry, Mom, guess I just ain't hungry." Something terrible must be wrong for Jack not to eat. Mother thinks a dose of castor oil would be the very thing.

And so the end falls on a typical Apache Thanksgiving day.

THOUNDS THILLY

The editor of a small newspaper thus explains the loss of the letter "s" from his composing room:

"Latht night thome thneaking thcoundrel thtrole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabineth of all the eththeth! Therefore we would like to take advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readerth for the general inthipid appearance of our paper. We would altho

The Pow-Wow

STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
TYLER JUNIOR COLLEGE

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Why Wait?

Democracy is the vital phrase on every American tongue today. That is as it should be. But stop a minute and think of other times. Think of the times when there was peace and plenty, no danger of invasion, no danger of any isms, and everyone wore a smug, pleased, stupid expression. What was on the American tongue in those days? Democracy or patriotism? Hardly. More likely it was a roast chicken. The point is simply this: Why does a great nation like the United States of America have

to wait until a national emergency arises before it begins to wave flags and sing the Star Spangled Banner? Patriotism should be an inborn characteristic of every single living American throughout his lifetime. Before there is a genuine national unity, we must establish this characteristic and burn it so deeply on the minds of this generation that it will continue for generations to come. Only in this way can we hope to preserve the one hope of the world, democracy.

Which Will You Take?

JAMES BARNES

Which will you take—

The rugged roar of the cannon
As it tears through the night
And leaves a path of wreckage
To further this horrible sight,
or
The murmur of a rippling stream
As it flows on the side of the hill,
And seems to say that the whole wide world
Is at peace, and all is still.

Which will you take—

The serpent-like hiss of poison gas
As it leaves the breach of the gun
And settles over plain and dale
and
Covers us from the sun,
or
A drive in the cool of the evening and
A chance to rest in some secluded shade
As you feel the pull of a speckled trout
Leaping in the pool in the glade.

Which will you take—

The tramp, tramp, tramp of Legion Four
As over the top they plunge
To be shot down like cornered rats
In their one last fruitless lunge,
or
The shrill trill of a whip-poor-will
As it sounds through mountain and dale,
And wakes us to a morning of sunshine
That tells us all is well.

Which will you take—

The implements of war, and their deadly toll,
And all that goes with it—sorrow, grief, and despair
or
A life of eternal happiness
To be lived in a world of care.

My days are spent in listless dreams . . .

A bit of work, a bit of play, a bit of tiresome drudgery . . .
But then, at last, comes creeping in a wee bit of

Diversion: Only a bit of wood and twine, most peculiarly wrought . . .

My dear, I am most distraught . . . th' darn things unpredictable.

No, no, I will leave this hall . . . when the talk becomes too radical,

I shall hie myself away a ways and, with the lovely trinket, recline . . .

Recline for hours and hours . . . yea . . . but should I ever completely

Master the children's toy I am enjoying—why, then I should give it up

And to my books straightway return me.
Peace divine . . .

Hours free . . .
That is not to be, alas, but how we do all love it.

On the bridge at midnight, you'll spy me with the rest,
Clutching my childish treasures . . . and standing in line to wait.

To wait and at last be accepted by an unsuspecting fate.

—ADRAH HICKS
Also at the zero hour.

Broadway Collegian

By JOE WHITLEY

New York City, Nov. 19.—You business administration majors, who are prisoners of English 223 and vow that scanning the verses of Keats will never, never assist you in earning an honest dime, should see how the Muses are making an economic royalist of Beulah Allison, late Bard of Barnard.

While you are learning how to write business letters, Miss A. is reading Tennyson, and learning how to soothe the debtor's savage breast.

When a local florist, who deals with a social clientele, finds that ordinary methods of dunning are wasted, he sends for Miss Allison.

The next thing you know the tardy one receives something like this in his mail:

"You're a very gallant beau
All your ladies must have flowers.

We have sent them (those you asked for)

At most ungodly hours.

You have made the right impression

(Having courted with a dash).

Is it asking too much, then, sir,
For a payment, now, in cash?"

And the poetry pursued have come across in 50 per cent of the cases. Even the toughest ones.

Stopping The War Department

A friend of ours, who writes the life and times of the stage and movie folk for the magazines, was crossing Broadway at 52nd Street the other day with Jane Wyatt, when a taxi going south suddenly turned around in the middle of the street and headed blithely north.

Of course traffic was jammed and there was a great deal of Bronx chiding from every side.

"I know how to end this war in Europe in jig time," quoth Miss Wyatt. "Just send ten New York taxi drivers over and they'll scare every soldier off the field."

Little Folks Department

Union Square, as you know, is the gathering place for those clans who come for nightly harangues about ships and ceiling wax and politics.

Here, you find the professional inciters of unrest, students of sociology, and professors of economics from the local colleges, all come to gather in little groups and tell the ills of the world.

We wandered down the other night, and were caught in a circle in which a great-voiced fellow was beating down all opponents by his very volume.

In the inner fringe was a little man who wore dark glasses and a dark hat. Now and then he smiled. Finally, when there was none left who dared to hold a brief for anything, he spoke. With a clipped British accent he thrust his darts home. At last the one of the loud voice shouted:

"Get out of Union Square. Go over to Wall Street where you belong. What do your kind care about the little man?"

"My friend, I AM the little man," was the reply. And then he shuffled off into the night.

The next day, in one of the gossip columns, we read that Charlie Chaplin had returned to New York, after apparently starting for Hollywood.

State Of The Theater

Another sex attack hit Broadway Thursday night. "Beverly Hills" it is called, and it has a fine cast. That is about all.

Iika Chase, Helen Claire and Violet Heming do their best to make the smokehouse humor funny. But it's no go.

It seems there is a screen star who retired from the films to push a weak husband toward a screen writing career. The only trouble is that she shoves him into the clutches of the wife of the studio capitalist. This lady demands love as the price of a writing contract.

"Beverly Hills" is not likely to be around long.

"Quiet Please" was more grim, if possible, than "Beverly Hills."

We'll spare you the details of three acts of the worst kind of theater, that tells of the movie actress and her philandering husband.

How Jane Wyatt (you'll remember her from "Lost Horizons") ever happened to land in such an opus is beyond us.

DRIFTING ALONG WITH THE DRAFT

By RAYMON COOK

Adios to all the campus
And to the Pow-Wow staff
I'll give back my press card
For I'm drifting along with the draft.

Adios, you fair little ladies
The river has hoist'd my raft,
Adios, you fair little ladies
I'm drifting along with the draft.

Adios to the registrar
The dread of the college staff,
You need not mark me absent
For I'm drifting along with the draft.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By RAYMON COOK

It's not the things
We seek and gain,
That coins the life of mirth;
But it's the things
That's buried deep
We never shall unearth.

It's not the things
We seek and gain,
That makes the bliss so strong;
But it's the things
We cannot reach
That makes us carry on.

Meet the Deadline

by
A Galley Slave

By A GALLEY SLAVE

Jack Mack waits until 4:30 until Shorthand Class is out. Can it be that he has lost his heart to Ruth Calvert? (Ed. Note—It must be, since he has taken the trouble to have it announced via Pow Wow to the whole school.)

What is this about Floyd Ray using S.P. in his coffee? And who has been bandying Jean Price's name about in vain?

Fashion note—Well, we see what the little girlies wore in the way of clothes at the Las Mas dinner given by Mr. Caldwell. A few of them went ultra on us and wore genuine dinner dresses. Among them were M. Glasco, M. Moneysmith, L. Davidson, L. Crews and S. Tooke, who wore, respectively, (and respectfully—unfortunately) a slim grey skirt with a dusty pink jacket with long tight sleeves, a royal blue silk jersey, a soft shirtwaist mauve chiffon, a black taffeta skirt and evening sweater of tiny black and green stripes, and an eye-catcher—dark blue velveteen sequin embroidered basque and a very full light blue net skirt. All the girls were too too nice with pretty dresses . . . but as is the case at such things some were particularly outstanding and appropriate.

Try hard as I may, I haven't crept insidiously into the hearts of the chiefs like sister reporter Wini Main, who leaves clever little notes indiscriminately in the manner and style of Chief A. J. Hicks. Coming to the door, I find a note: "Important notice on typewriter"—written with flourish. I sit down in chair after picking up another note: "Look on the typewriter, very urgent. W. Main." I see yet another on the table in front of me. And looking at the typewriter after this big buildup I see: "Official Communiqué. The Apache High Command States:—"

We love the cracks that reach us by grapevine from the drawing class. One of the jokes:

First engineer: "Where's my French curve?"

Voice from the back of the room: "Marcia's got it—whah, whah, whah!"

By the way, for the first time in history Marcia has been the one to fall . . . this is one little lassie that has more than her quota of admiration. (Ed. Note—My co. lady engineer, M. M., states that the Engineers are the sweetest boys in school, naturally the smartest, and undoubtedly the queerest.)

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Lounge Lizard

The dumbest crack of the year: Mary Jo: Why didn't you read your Government last night?

James Turner. I couldn't find my book this morning so I knew there wasn't any use to look for it last night.

Have you girls noticed how bee-utiful the lounge has looked the past two or three weeks? And such a heavenly fragrance too. We hope that whenever you have even one little blossom blooming in your yard you will pluck it (that is if it isn't from one of your mother's prize plants) and bring it to the lounge to help brighten the dark days that are on the way.

Miss Mary Henderson had E. P. Richards change seats in Economics so she could see his "handsome" face a little better.

Certain people seem to be "falling" for certain other people. Is this spring or winter? We thought it was winter but maybe it is our mistake. (Ed. Note: It happens in winter too. We could cite examples even. And as for carrying a torch—torch bearers thrive in the winter time. Now we don't have time to name three, but drop in and see us and we will be glad to enumerate.)

Norma Epperson's boy friend happened to be in town the day that the shorthand class got out for a teachers meeting. Wasn't that lucky for Norma though . . . and she is so cute and shy, too.

Louise Crews was reported as

having a wonderful time Armistice week end in Tulsa . . . what's the matter with Tyler week ends while you are week ending. Remember it's a great life if you don't week end—maybe greater if you do. Any way that is beside the point.

Wiley escorts the cutest dish around . . . he has to be so careful not to offend her, he musn't say she is too young or say she is too old or too large or too small (she is a tiny little brunette just as cut as a bug's ear) and he is in a quandry. Also the gals love to flirt with him and tease him—thereby causing more trouble.

Wiley says in regard to what was the BAD dirt about people that he did know some but that it was all about him. And so we go to press but he still doesn't care to tell all.

Miss Roberts certainly is proud of her new world globe. We're wondering though, how long it will remain up-to-date, what with the world changing rapidly as it is.

Plans have been formed to bomb the new globe with beer bottles . . . needless to say the plans have not as yet been carried out.

These nine weeks tests certainly had everyone working hard for the past two weeks. Who knows, but perhaps a little extra brain work is good for the brain or something of the sort.

Betty Jo and her assistants are doing a good job of taking care of the fish in the lounge (oh you

silly, you . . . ha ha ha) don't you think?

More about Louise Crews, alias the Rose (Rose of Teejaycee—get it stupe?). An open house was given in her honor and she attended a party and went ice skating. Remember the girls who went for midnight sails, Rose!

Why does Virginia Stamps like Houston so well? For that matter why does Frances Farmer?

Congrats to Loura Louise on her first solo flight last week. As for flying poor Hicks has been trying for three semesters to get to fly so this first female flier business is not a pleasant spot with her—Mr. Lawver and Mr. Jenkins keep holding up the course to her and saying that they might get word from the government any day. That should save transporting her to a bughouse.

Speaking of de Chiefs, they both had birthdays recently . . . Marcia on November 6 and Adrah on November 14. Happy birthday girls—they have reached the age of consent—and not a sign of the Pow-Wow spanking that Marcia had last year. I suppose that people know that people who are as old as they are not spanked but kissed . . . oh well, forget it. Gee they're OLD, ain't they BREnda!

Why don't Wini and the other little girls stop the coy looks and start the real old battle royal for Jobie? Or have they decided they don't want him? Or

have they been repelled or received coldly? Or has the home town true love case laid down the law and ensnared him—but firmly?

While congratulating people we would like to extend congratulations to the new Phi Theta Kappa members, Laura Louise, Louise, and Sue. It may be a little late but better late than never—and it isn't everyone who makes Phi Theta Kappa.

WANTED: \$150 to finish paying for the radio in the lounge. Have you girls forgotten your money? If you have please try to remember and bring it immediately.

Victor went to Dallas Saturday to the SMU-A&M game. Virginia went to Dallas Saturday to SMU-A&M game.

Something should definitely be done about these average raisers in biology—one particular person, especially. He made 98 one time and 96 this last test. We propose a union against high grades that bring up the class average.

Joyce Harrell went up to Arkansas over the Armistice holidays. Did you have a good time Joyce? We'll bet you would have had a lot better time in Lubbock.

Marcia Moneysmith and Billy Reily had a date Friday night. So we heard!

Lester Wood and Dean King, two ex-Apaches, were seen skating in Big Sandy Friday night. (Ed. note: So what; were they with someone or not; drunk or not; but I do guess they were "pretty nice old boys" and deserve this space.)

Lucille and Arthur had a good time over the Armistice week end; just being together for a change, ha!

J. O. was home over the holidays. Dorothy Jane was sure happy over the fact.

It would seem that everyone came home. Well Bruce dropped in to see Marcia, and Ernest was

in town and, other dates were had. Say!

We hear Bill Lawrence has Martha Joe's picture on his dresser what about it, Bill? (Note. Goo, ain't love grand?)

Hope all youse mugs have a good time Thanksgiving.

Joyce Harrell's Jimmy rolled in from the prairies last week end. Was she thrilled!! His name is Jimmy Jay and he is from Texas Tech out in Lubbock.

People were walking around Friday morning like a bunch of cripples. It couldn't have been that they fell down and went boom the previous night?

Some people still like to put their feet on the hassock in the lounge. We don't want to seem cranky, girls, but. . .

That was a swell radio program, kids.

James Turner is always losing a letter or something. The worst part is he accuses someone of taking them accidentally on purpose, as if anybody wants to read his old mail.

It is rumored that some of the high freshman girls on this campus are contemplating putting washcloths, towels, hand lotion, lipstick, toothbrushes and numerous other such items in their lockers for convenience. After all, gals . . . is that the place for 'em?

Exchange

In a nationwide poll the following were voted tops as the sweetest words in the English language:

I love you.
All is forgiven.
Dinner is served.
Keep the change.
Sleep 'till noon.
Here's that five.

These were voted the saddest three:

External use only.
Buy me one.
Out of gas.
Dues not paid.
Funds not sufficient.
Rest in peace.
—The J-Tac.

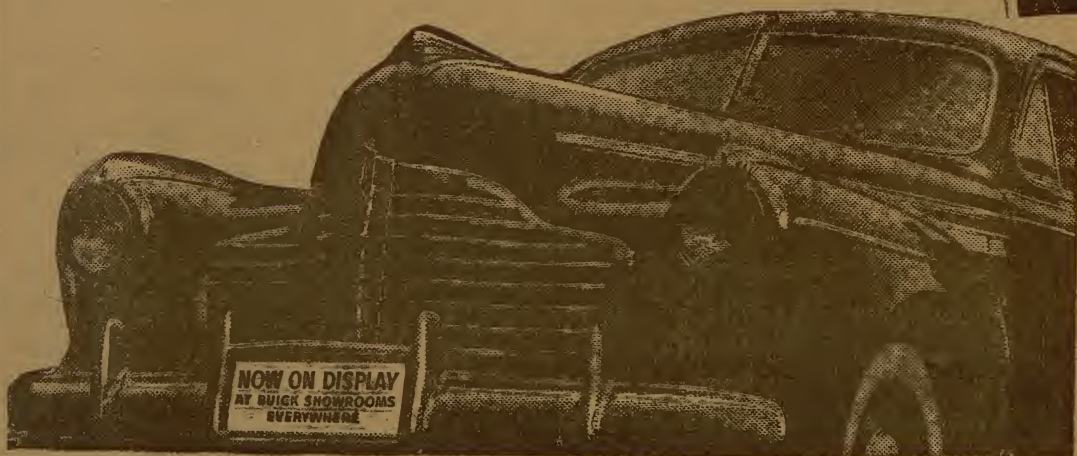
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Well the damnable exams are over at long last but you should see the gleam in the teachers' eye when she thinks that the kiddies have not learned enough and thinks she'll give 'em a chance to do better—by shooting another exam to us. When our resistance is lowest and our hangover at high ebb—whoosh come the exams. Well I am not going to stand for it. I have my rights as a citizen and a scholar. I shall have legislature declare the two-hour day to prevail in th' collitch. It is a shame to see the little Apaches so tired of studying and all.

Take heed. We have spared people because "she's Anabella's sister," or "she is a friend of the dean and wouldn't like it." Enough of this. Are we men or are we mice? The power of the press. The press can't be stopped. We have been glutted with tripe

about the sweet little dears and their Sunday school picnics and how the teachers looked when Willy studied French. ENOUGH of thees! If we are to be democratic, spare no one. No quarter will be given. We promise to blast people and institutions with no regard. And watch out, babies cause our dander is up.

Strike one: What has "Glamour" Glasco done since she entered except simper at one and all (all the BOYS) and giggle till she thoroughly nauseated everyone. But we were beset by items about her affaires d'amour et cetera. It was sickening. No one can be so cowquettish and remain unscathed by ye olde columnist. The people must be informed.

Virginia Pittman, who has had little publicity as yet, is one of the prettiest and friendliest of the new freshies. She should go far with her winning ways—and advice from us. . . Besides men love the plump ones.

Herbert and Marie have escaped the hounds, and David (Heel) yet!

Raymon Cook, the poet lad, was a 1918 Peace Baby. He was born on Armistice day, 1918. He was also the only bachelor boy to make Who's Who of Texas. Nice work. . . besides he is a flyer. And he writes, and he entered late and is passing at last account.

The Pit, favored hangout of the students last year, is now open again. It has passed out of the hands of the genial Andy and is now under the management of Otis Crow. It has a new atmosphere and is altogether delightful. Once more the gang will have a sanctuary—it is really nice and

you should be glad that it is called "The Apache Sandwich Shop." Very fitting if we may say so. . . and so drop in when being pursued by the dean. They will hide you. And they have food, moosic and everything—but the old beloved slot machine—to make one happy.

Mary Joe pursued—and caught Victor the other day in the hall. . . and he didn't seem too unhappy about the whole thing. Pardon me, but I thought that that was very bad form. . . besides he was practically already taken and that is not ethical. But when a guy doesn't care as much as he once did, there is little that one can do about the matter. So I guess that that is that. . . but this leap year has brought about changes in many of the girls and the forwardness has really been a delightful change. After all, the men are always being pursued whether they know it or not so why not declare open season and let them know so they can have a fair start to get away. . . Honesty you know. But in this love business some funny things happen and you can never predict what will happen. But here's to romance!

Wini Main is NOT interested in Jobie Dean. We have it on very good authority that she has hooked—but firmly m'dear—Coach Walker. In fact that was where she incurred the injury that she had—his station wagon. . . if we go on there will be a station wagon set in Tyler yet. But let that be understood once and for all. Women MAY go after Jobie and do they! Whee! But Wini doesn't. She says that like de Chiefs, her hearts in the highlands, her heart is not here. Her hearts in the highlands a chasing the deer. And so on. Ah there Saroyan!

It was heard that a freshman favorite of last year had a date with a certain one during the week end. One boy asked another if he was the lucky boy. Heavens no, he exclaimed. And he went on to say that he could

stand a dash of the coyness, only up to a certain point. And he said that he didn't have the date and he was glad. We are not saying this to be mean (NOOww Brenda!) or to be catty (Huh, listen to who's TAAAlkin) but it would seem that she should be informed so that she could polish up the old technique. And lots of them have to do that when they hit T.J.C. The old lines may have been good before now but the old order changeth as you may have heard. So take a tip from us.

But speaking of freshmen, Mamie may be cute and our choice, but that isn't going to get Throckmorton for her, if she really wants him and we are a bit doubtful as to that fact—she must work fast and be utterly ruthless. That will perhaps be difficult to do but we know the type. He is interested in girls only in the abstract way that people say the classics are all right and leave them alone. But with all these women hanging about he is bound to have to make a choice sooner or later. . . and it might as well be Mamie. Here is how to proceed:

"One day be cold and distant and let Sophronia cut you out like she does and say not a word but sit and talk gayly with some man—preferably young and very attractive. It would help if he were interested in you. It would help if he were Latin or something. But forget it, we can't have everything. And then seem to be very interested. Look up once or twice at Throckmorton and seem sweet but distant as though this man were making violent love to you and you couldn't help but listen, you little silly child you. Then stroll out the door with a man—preferably another that you have annexed somehow or other. Then seem that you are leaving something (in your dash), and get the fellow to get it for you while you gaze about with a dazed expression on your face, not really seeing the people in the library—even the girl who wants to know what the history lesson is for tomorrow and can she borrow your notes, huh.

Leave the object of all eyes. If you could have a stooge planted near Throckmorton to sigh and say how lovely you were it would be nice (our special mid November prices now prevail). And then be kind BUT DISTANT for a few days. When he is tiring of this—you can tell—be lovely and fascinate him. That should be given in repeated doses and if that doesn't get results then we will refer you to the one who advised it. (It didn't help us last

year any, but if you want to try you are welcome.)

Billy Reilly finally quit shilly shallying about dilly dallying and has taken Marcia out. Was it just to prove that he rated a date, or because he was egged on by the other engineers, or is he interested. . . it is hard to detect a gleam from behind blinkers. . . maybe he thought it was a nice thing to try to fool us. But he could do worse.

Talmage says that he only knows unprintable news about himself and that that is out. Both these people who are so stuffy that they will not let us have a chance to work on their gossip about themselves.

And so the field on romance seems to be definitely on the rocks. . . No big items on this weeks list. . . Movies are your best entertainment—but watch some of these boys and girls too. . . We have some that are so careful that their movements are undetected but they cannot escape us long.

Buck and a cronie have gotten the ax. . . they have lost quite a bit of their hair. Some friends got hold of them and shaved half of their shock of hair off. And now they look like Frankenstein. And they wear caps inside too. But we couldn't print that—it might hurt their delicate feelings.

If King Huffman doesn't stop getting so much publicity the Pow Wow is going to start charging him on a commercial basis.

One sure way not to win friends and influence people is for little girls to run around flirting with little boys who are marked Private Property. To be specific (though I wouldn't call names for the world) one little squaw on our reservation has been doing an awful lot of losing friends and influencing people—the wrong way.

While we're being catty, Bernard Clayton is either snooty or afraid of girls. Sorry, Bernard—but it wouldn't kill you to speak to people. (This was a paid political announcement.)

Boos—to whoever ruined the chair in the girls' lounge—to whoever is illegally occupying our locker.

L'amour toujours l'amour—but not enough to fill a gossip column.

The more I know of Jobie Dean and Ershie Lehr, the surer I am that Athens is a very nice town. (Nixine Davis thinks so too.)

We Apaches are very broadminded about the high school children. Jean Price and Banard—that is the way you spell it), Ina Claire and Bill Reynolds (Joe's little brother; Earl's little brother, too) A. K. Thorndike and Doris Minter. Now ain't that sweet?



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IDIOT'S DELIGHT

"Well Shultz, I see that our adventures have not been received very well . . . that is all your fault you know. You have neglected to send the mail out till it has been months late . . . what with Pete having it censored and all. Very embarrassing really. And to think that the folks back home have cold and sleet and snow . . . and night-caps. I knew that that new house boy would drink us out of house and home. But you said that he had an honest face—so we kept him. And for what?

Really Shultz to be utterly frank living with you is not all fun. It can be very trying even."

These last disjointed and cruel words had cut him to the quick so I knew that I had to erase them. I searched for something to say to bring the smile back to his face.

"What about Thanksgiving?"

"What do you mean, what do you think about Thanksgiving? What is this . . . OHHH you mean—you mean Thanksgiving. Humm, of course. 'There's always an England!' Stout fellah. You mean that we could have—here—why certainly."

Shultz was carried away with the plans for the celebration. He searched for a cook book and pored over it for hours. Finally I had to tell him to extinguish the light and go to bed. The next day was the day we forced the staff to clean themselves and it was a trying day. They did object to cleanliness as though it were the plague. For several days they were unhappy until they were once more filthy and then they would become happy once more and work. They had threatened to strike but we had called their hand and got Pete to back us.

I decided that I had better see the chief about a Thanksgiving celebration. I walked down the path to his hovel and had myself announced. He saw me immediately and asked in a cheery voice if I thought I could win back the money I had lost at poker. I said no and then remembered my reason for being there.

"Pete," I began hardly knowing how to go on. In fact I thought that I would have a rather difficult time explaining to him the reasons. "There is something that I would like to discuss with you," I began and paused to clear my throat.

"You knows you kin talk to me, so jest pro—ceed."

I nodded and smiled. "In our country we have lots of celebrations. Just as you give offerings to your gods we also have our celebrations to offer thanks."

"We really hates to be difficult but th rains are comin soon and we don't need no sacrifices to th rain gods jest now. But you jest stick around and I'll think of something. Something will come up in a few days that will break the lull. It ain't a thrillin season as yet but Ah has high hopes as soon as th hop juice gets jest right. Ooohee but we has a big feast and all . . . jest wait, Ah knows that you'll jest be tickled pink."

He shook his head and was

lost in reverie of past feasts. I went on with my explanation.

"We are always thankful for what we have received in the year and we set aside a day to feast and be thankful. We always do. It is a big thing. We eat and all and really have a delightful time. You can come and you'll see."

"You means that youall'll let me—tee hee why Ah'll love it. How does Ah dress? Ah'd hate to disgrace youall."

It was just as easy as that. I jumped up and ran all the way home to tell Shultz that we would have Pete there. He was engaged in telling the servants about Thanksgiving.

One, the house boy that had been such a jewel, exclaimed: "Ah hates to be dense, boss but Ah really doesn't see much use in chasin them animals around. Ah caint cetch em an th wild game will be much more tasty. Also is there any truth in the story thet one uv them boys wuz about to be beheaded an a beautiful Indian gurl saved his life by throwing herself in the way. An the chief wuz her father and spared the guys life and all and the people were all set to take him and adopt him but he married some one else and she married someone else . . . very disgustin these American romances!"

"Not a word of it is true," said Shultz. "You see," he turned to me with a deep sigh, "what you have done telling them the history of our country. If this happened just this once. But it happens all the time. And you have GOT to stop it. It is bad for them. From now on you will have to run the house if you insist upon telling them stories instead of seeing that they do their work properly."

I soothed him and smiled and winked broadly at them indicating that they were to take him seriously. They did so.

The day for the feast dawned bright and clear. Shultz was delighted. He had had flunkies cooking and preparing the house for hours. I roused myself at the sounds of such great activity.

Arising and enjoying a leisurely bath, I walked into the house. It was lovely. Natives had come for miles around to see this sight. The food was cooking and people were coming.

"Oh dear," moaned Shultz, "I am afraid that we will not have enough room."

"Perhaps they brought an extra missionary or two," I suggested helpfully.

Soon it was time for the feast. All the natives bowed low as



Hello Folks:

I see this cld weather is makin them basket ball boys bald. Uv course I mean indirectly, the weather just makes um feel kinda perk becuz basket ball season is so near and when they get to feeling perk, they do such stuff as shavin their haird. I see my pal, Snuffy Smith is finally joined the army. I don't know how he was admitted even bein the general's friend on account uv he is undoubtdly the meanest, most aillnest, shortest, most rotten little critter I know. By the way, speakin uv people gettin in the army, I jist wondered about what Likkle Osmosis tol me. L. O. tol me that Donald Saleh (some of you remember him) has gone up to Canada an got hitched up with the R.A.F. I don't know how true it is. By the way, talkin about airypalnes you oughta hang around a bunch uv these cub pilots we got up here an listen to em talk. I heard one of em the other day, tell anotherun about a cub pilot that went to Heaven and when he got there, ol St. Peter asked hem how he got to Heaven. The cub pilot says "flu." An them two morons standin there in the hall crackin such pointless jukes just laughed

Pete came with his special guard. He was dressed to the teeth—and with teeth, too, incidentally.

We sat down to the table. We all sighed at the food . . . it was really quite clever of Shultz . . . I must tell him about it really . . . very nice . . . and tasty, too.

"Ah believes you all hav done forgot the dressing and the gravy also," exclaimed Pete and the others shook their heads mournfully.

Shultz faded away in agony.

and laughed. An when they asked me what I knew about ale-er-ons on a airypalane and I tol em I didn't know you wuz aloud to carry ale in airypalnes, sdll ghdy laughed some more. I decided it wuz time fer me to mosey on. Well, I see that Laz Moskerus is gettin ready ta put on their fall productushun. Some crazy murder comedy, name uv "Tiger House." I read it an boy, its goin to be a honey. Has a bunch uv slidin panels, an people get disappeared by a tiger, and everybody gets scared, an finally you find out who the tiger is an ya never thot that uz who it uz gonna be cause he wuz the only person it coulda been. Anyhow, what I'm trying to say is you better see it. Ya know I wuz readin a bed time story to Ole Neb and L.O. last night an ever since then, I bin wonderin what I'd ast fer if a good fairy let me have three wishes, I guess that first, I'd wish for eternal youth, and then I'd wish fer lots of money and then ta climax it all, I'd ave her make me able ta fall into a beautiful women's arms without fallin into her hands. Wouldn't that be heavenly. Time out! O.K. play ball! I had ta make that government class. Mrs. Jones tol us boys about how we better not get a wife thet smoked an so I decided I'd find out how the boys of the school felt about girls thet smoke. Maybe I'll tell you all sometime. Which all goes on to remind me of an old Injun friend uv mine who used to buy a new car ever week (he uz pretty rich on account of the oil boom) I ast him one day what he did with it an he said ever time he bought a new car an got drunk, well, he met a bridge comin down the road and when he turned off to let the bridge pass by, he needed a new car. Not to change the subject er anything, but Miss Brandenburg sure did hop on ta me about thet paragraph I writ the other day. "Farm Kid," she says in thet slow drawl uv hers, "If you don't get better on thet sentuns structure, etc., ad

infinitum." I fel like telling that I warnt no genius but seems like she already knowed it. Flash, the most exaggerated deebate of the year th other day when Bill Bailey wuz talkin about the 16 mil-yun men in the United States Army. The most humorous incident wuz after thet affirmative said we wouldn't be skeerd if'n we could deefend America and then King Huffman gets up and says, "Who's skeered?" Ya know, I sure am glad Willkie got elected on account of I never did like that guy Roosevelt, anyhow.

Famous Sayings

Bill Lawrence—If I ever get caught up in accountin, I'm gonna deeclear a holiday.

King Huffman—Las Mascaras will meet nex Mundy nite.

Miss Brandenburg—There's al-us a reason. (Emerson said it once too)

Joe Reynolds—If I ever get my hands on a five dollar bill, I'm gonna go down on the square an stan ther and make faces at the Peoples Bank.

Lucille Williams—Hurry!

Vernon Turner—If the gentlemen (sneer) of the opposition will (sneer) kindly submit (chuckle) their authority (sneer plus chuckle) on the matter, we of the affirmative might (sneer) accept his figures.

Miss Roberts—Shhhh!

My Mom—Farm Kid, come an milk the cows.

So good by,

THE FARM KID.

I shot an arrow into the air; it fell to earth I knew not where—Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars—A lonely lake, a lonely shore—

And the monster Deadline goes back into his lair until another week—and another Pow-Wow.



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From Broadway

By JOE WHITLEY

New York City, November 20.—A Yale who has gone over two weeks without a haircut is taking his life in his hands if he sets foot on the Cornell campus, or in Manhattan for that matter.

A crew down from Ithaca wanted to put the old slug on two Greenwich Village boys the other night, merely because they looked like poets. They failed by the two-jump start the G.V. lads managed.

Jim Nelson, Eli bard, is the cause of it all.

Mr. N's latest verse, printed in the humor magazine, Yale Record, accused Cornell of using low-life football players. It insinuated, further, that Culture was nil out Ithaca way and that the President and Dean paid homage to King Football with the rest of the school.

We think that you ought to acquaint yourself with at least part of the little gem. It goes by the name of "Sour-Grapes."

Ding dong the bell
For the football squad that must play Cornell,

The team that by practice and training rigorous
(And salaries running to four figures)

Has developed a wonderful aggregation

Of football men—from all over the nation.

The trainers (or keepers) don't seem to care

That the boys don't eat with silverware.

As a matter of fact, utensils are barred

Because of the injury caused to a guard

Who jabbed himself in the face with a fork,

These boys from Ithaca, State of New York.

There's one thing more I ought

to mention,
Although you may think that's it's just convention.

Cornell has a President—also a Dean,

But that doesn't matter (You know what I mean?)

Fashion Front Department

A friend of ours who came up from Randolph-Macon three years ago and is now a fashion designer at one of the la-de-da Fifth Avenue shops, warns us that we are about to be deluged by a wave of Hawaiian fashions—female of course.

Members of the local society crowd, who are going to Miami to forget the recent election, are stocking up on sarongs, bra tops, flower leis, and grass skirts.

Comes the summer and Park Avenue will look like Honolulu, she vows.

Out-Of-The-World

If you should deposit a nickel in the electric phonograph of your favorite college bistro, some night and hear an out-of-the-world noise, don't be alarmed, it won't be a new swing style dreamed up by B. Goodman, but merely a banshee shriek recorded by the ghost catchers up at Lake Dale, New York.

The Psychic Observer, Koran of the spiritualists, has announced the recording of occult conversation, lists the shades who hold forth and tells where the records can be bought.

This is a rare opportunity for you Speech majors who have been belittled by your professors. Just write the Observers, tell them your woes, and in jig time they'll ship you a disc of the "Gettysburg Address," recorded by the spirit of Lincoln. With a few weeks' practice you can knock 'em dead.

Think of the possibilities for your football coach! Instead of having to steam himself up each week for a last minute pep talk he can merely play a recording straight from the spirit world

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By Wiley Padan



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Psychic science—it's wonderful.

Heap Turkey—No Musle

Those of you who have had your Thanksgiving vacation schedule scrambled by dual celebrations might shed a tear for the downtrodden diners at the Waldorf, who are facing, poor things, the prospect of taking their turkey without music.

It seems that the management approached Kay Kyser about whipping up some music for them. And Kay agreed to play "Until Thanksgiving," after which date his band is scheduled for a theater engagement.

The hotel didn't realize until yesterday that Thanksgiving will fall this year (courtesy of the White Father) on November 21 instead of November 28.

They are frantically beating the Broadway bushes for a "Name" maestro and finding them all taken.

You might wire that your college band is available.

Max Baer vs. The Mazdas
Most of you have read of Max Baer, the sometime fighter.

Right now he can't be bothered about training for a fight with Joe Louis. He's too busy train-

ing for his forthcoming bout with the New York stage in a little something called "Hi-Ya Gentlemen." In this he plays the role of a college boy who collects bets for a very tough bookie.

The other afternoon we sneaked into the Alvin Theater, and there on the stage recently tenanted by the Lunts was Maxie, going to town in a snappy rhumba.

In fact, he was doing so well that he wouldn't stop when the music finished and for this he took a heavyweight tongue lashing from two paperweight directors for disrupting rehearsal. "Shucks, champ," he grinned, "I was just getting in the groove."

There is never a dull moment when Maxie is around, they tell you back-stage. Besides his rhumba and a conga, he warbles three songs in the show. And does he love it! They also tell you that he is the hardest working member of the cast and takes instructions from anyone—then usually does as he pleases.

For instance during a striptease spot he is quite likely to yell "It's alright with me, I'm Baer already."

I THOUGHT I WAS A DEAD DOG FOR A WHILE! BUT NOW I'M



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THE DRAMATIC RAT

Dear Mrs. Rat:

I certainly do feel sorry for those people who did not join Las Mascaras in time. 'Stoo bad but there just has to be a deadline somewhere. Among the last deadliners were Madame Lazonga Main, Joe Dean, Quack-quack Fry, and Way-down-south Woods.

Yes Ma'am, I certainly do feel sorry for them. 'Speacially after that swellegant dinner party of Mr. Caldwell's. Have you ever met Mr. Caldwell? Then you really should—'cause he serves the best eats in town and I do mean cheese! Besides all that he can go to town square-dancing. Miss Rush and Miss Bates can sure swing a wicked foot. Gibson and Bill were a good team too.

It is no longer a pity that our Apache squaws did not live when mother was a girl. They can square dance without the aid of hoop skirts. Mrs. Rat, you would have thought that those Apache Indians had turned sissy. Obey, Obey, Obey! Aunt Ruthie can trip the light fantastic with the best of them. Say, if those parties of Mr. Caldwell's get better every year, I'd certainly like to be here next year. That is, IF I'm not still going around in squares. I really had a hard time trying to answer those funny questions of Phillip's.

We were glad to see some former Apaches and some foreigners around after dinner. Speaking of people at the party, DIDN'T Dixie Hall look scrumptious? And I thought I'd die when Betty Jane interrupted the Toastmaster. Tish! Tish! Such manners!

It is rather quiet around school now that the Pre-Laws and Engineers aren't fighting so much. It's also the height of something or other that former Pre-Law, Barbara Sutherland, is working for—of all people—an engineer. And we'd just had time to know and like Virginia Pittman when she up and left. Well, Mrs. Rat, I suppose I brought it on myself by eating too much at the dinner but anyhow it was wonderful while it lasted!

Squarely yours,
Scrappy Rat.

It goes to your
HEAD
and finds the
way to his
HEART



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Excellent Food and a very good dance floor to help make this the best Thanksgiving ever.

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IMPRESSIONS OF AN IDIOT

No one knows yet how good a skater Clay Ford is. No one saw Clay Ford skate. Every time anyone saw Clay Ford, Clay Ford had made contact with the floor.

Oh the old grey mare she

—Philip Louis Stevenson.

The Apache of this week is a tall, dark and handsome (yes,

Besides all this Mr. Turner is "a teacher"—he is the Biology lab assistant. But he does not choose this as his vocation. He likes flying and wants to go to Randolph. We do sincerely hope that he will do this.

—From The Gals.



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because . . . they are carefully made . . . with finer seams . . . because they look sheer . . . because they really withstand the wear and tear of class-room activities . . . and your social goings. They're wonderful, really . . . try them and see for yourself. Colors are Carlsbad and Aiken.

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BOYS' SHOP—FIRST FLOOR

MAYER & SCHMIDT

BUCK OVERALL LEADS APACHES TO FIRST VICTORY

Playing 12 of his squadmen, Coach Ward's Apaches downed the Bullard Independents 47-16.

Led by Buck Overall, (who made more than twice as many points as any other Apache) the Apaches had no trouble in overcoming the Bullard team. Winfred Williams suffered a slight injury when he ran into a wall, and had to be removed from the game.

TYLER—	fg.	ft.	pf.	tp.
Overall, f	8	0	2	16
Clayton, f	2	0	1	4
Mitchell, f	1	0	0	2
Richardson, f	3	0	1	6
Williams, c	3	0	1	6
Sheppard, c	0	0	0	0
Cannady, g	3	1	1	7
Bullock, g	0	0	0	0
Kennedy, g	2	0	0	4
Birdwell, g	0	0	1	0
Murphy, g	1	0	0	2
Cheek, g	0	0	0	0
Totals	23	1	6	47

BULLARD—	fg.	ft.	pf.	tp.
Long, f	2	0	0	4
Cooper, f	3	3	0	9
Bray, c	0	0	1	0
Tarrant, c	1	0	2	2
McKeely, g	0	0	0	0
Neeley, g	0	0	1	0
Caldwell, g	0	1	0	1
Totals	6	4	4	16

Lions To Make Last Stand

When the Tyler Lions meet the invading Kilgore Bulldogs Thursday, they will be making a final stand for the district crown. The Bulldogs are leading the district by half a game, having been tied by Texarkana.

Conference Standing

Team	W.	L.	T.	Pct.	Pts.	Op.
Kilgore	4	—	1	.900	112	39
Longv.	3	1	—	.750	87	33
Tyler	3	1	—	.750	77	20

Either a tie or a loss will automatically throw the Lions out of the race, and give Kilgore the title as this is their last game. Working behind locked gates, the Lions have been alternating equally between defense and offense, since their encounter with Longview last week.

Barring injuries during practice this week, it appears the Lions will go into the contest in the best shape they have been in since the Arlington Heights game early in the season. J. D. Kay, who was a regular tackle until he was injured, and Jack Hightower, a reserve lineman, have both recovered from injuries and will be ready to go if called upon.

At present, the Bulldogs are not expecting to use their all-district quarterback, Kenneth (Country) Hallmark. Several other Kilgore players, notably Captain Tom Collins, and Fullback Authur Horn are reported nursing minor bruises, but are expected to be ready to play.

Case for all amateur detectives to solve:

One beautiful woman was invited to spend a week end in the country. She went and discovered a large houseparty. She said once to a girl friend that she waited for such an opportunity and that she would marry for money.

The houseboy, a Filipino, hated the woman because she knew that he was a spy for Japan and threatened to turn him in. The host feared her because she knew of his past. The hostess hated

No, Not The Russians

Pasha, Sasha, Masha, and Hasha—refugees from foreign shores have entered our fair city and our school. They roam about and exclaim upon the wonders of American country and life:

Pasha: Comarads thees ees better than Rahsha, at least.

Masha: Vot a pity that zee people can not have all refuge in thees beautiful land.

Hasha: Comarads, would you be hafing un nickle?

Sasha: Vat would you be vanting weth a nickle. Doan you kno the government gives you all you need. Ven you need a cow—tell the government. Ven you want monya, ask the government. All you haf to do is vote for ze Democrats.

Hasha: But, Comarads, I vant a nickle. Please if you loff our country, if you loffed ze Little Father—no no, I did not mean thees. If you loff freedom. If you loff liberta.

Pasha: Vat has all this to be doing with a nickle. Comarads, shall ve give it to him?

Comarads: Oh I don't know about . . . well ve should consider all . . . I think that ve should ask him . . .

Pasha: For vat do you vant un nickle.

Hasha: I vant . . . ach I can not tell you.

Comarads: You MUST tell . . . speak comarad.

Hasha: I—vell I vill tall you. I WANT TO PLAY ZE SLOT MACHINE!

the woman because they both loved the same man. The man they loved was afraid that the woman would reveal that he loved her but wanted to get money from the hostess. The guests hated her because she was a pickpocket.

Armond Duval, a movie star had once been married to her ten years ago.

This program has been brought to you by the makers of Von Slob Smooth Catch Mouse Traps. Our slogan is "if we can't catchem then you can't catchem."

Anyone being able to explain this motto just tear off the top of any 1940 model automobile and send it to the Von Slob Smooth Catch Building, New York City, and a Von Slob Smooth Catch Mouse Trap will be mailed to you immediately. Will little Nell get out of the oven? Will the old man still be stewed? Tune in next week and you will hear:

Slug: No. ratface, I didn't do it. I didn't do it I tell ya. I didn't tell the coppers, I didn't squeel. Ratface! Put that gat away! No, no, I ain't no stool pigeon. Please, I'll tell, I'll tell. It was—(Shot fired. Slug falls with heavy groan.)

This was submitted by a script writer for the radio program who thinks that the programs could be bettered by using his scripts EXCLUSIVELY.

TYLER

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GENE TIERNEY

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"LADIES MUST LIVE"

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ROSEMARY LANE

SATURDAY

"WEST OF ABILENE"

With

CHARLES STARETT
MARJORIE COOLEY

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"IN OLD MISSOURI"

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ALBERT BASSERMAN

CONRAD VEIDT

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Eugene O'Neill's

"THE LONG

VOYAGE HOME"

John Wayne—Thomas

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Tracy—Claudette

Colbert—Hedy Lamarr

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